THE BASKET.

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Written for the Basket.

NO MONUMENT IS REARED.

BY JOHN REDMAN.

No monument is rear'd o'er their remains;
No record tells their deeds; they liv'd and died;
They passed a brief existence here, and then
They yielded up their life, which was but lent,
To Him who had been pleas'd to grant it.
For them the world had charms; "they bought, they sold,
They planted and they builded." Some enjoyed
The good things of this life, and some, indeed,
Did know of evil things; all drank
Of the mix'd cup which to their lips was press'd,
And not a few did realize the truth
That trouble was man's portion. They have gone.
Unto the spirit-land, where earthly things
No more concerns them; where there is no change.
Some gave their hearts to God in early life;
And some, we fear too many, lov'd the things
Of this world only,—"serving divers lusts."
God knows it all; for in his book 'tis writ;
And, at that final day, it will be read.
For, or against, it will stand forever.
Saith my soul, might all the living heed it:
That, when they come to lay life's burden down,
They might have a hope; and that well grounded,
Though without confidence in aught of flesh,
Of an admittance to a better world.

The following pathetic incident occurred some time since in a village in the western part of Pennsylvania, as reported in one of the newspapers: Levi Keller, aged 63, and his wife, aged 60, were living on a farm. He began to complain of ill health, and at length took to his bed, where he gradually grew worse, notwithstanding medical attention. His wife, who had enjoyed good health up to this time, now also became ill, but was still able to be about and wait on her husband. But soon after, Mr. Keller spoke of dying, when his wife replied: "If you go, I will go, too. In about a week we'll both go to our long home." Several days afterwards, it was noticed that the man was dying. In the evening, his wife, weary and ill with watching and anxiety, sat on the bed with an arm round him. Finally, after the lapse of several hours, he died, and she gently laid the body back on the bed and fell prostrate upon the bosom of her husband, uttering a soul-touching cry, as if her heart would break. Those present lifted the sorrowing wife to bed, and in a few minutes she, too, was a corpse. It was one of the saddest scenes ever witnessed. They were laid away together in one grave.

How is this? It is reported that a man died at an Anti-Poverty Society meeting, and was refused Catholic burial, the priest saying that the Anti-Poverty Society meetings did not have the approval of the church, and if a "strict compliance with the ecclesiastical law were observed, excommunicated people could not even be spoken to or be addressed by the faithful!" This was supposed to be a blow at Dr. McGlyn, the excommunicated priest.

The great copper syndicate has collapsed. Served 'em right. There is an effort now being made to form a Salt syndicate to control the salt market.

Opinions differ as to which is best for the people and the country—High License or Prohibition. The question arises, Are liquor saloons and the sale of liquor as a beverage, good or evil? If evil, should they not be abrogated? Mrs. Woodbridge, in speaking of high license in Philadelphia, said she had made many inquiries in that city, and had been informed that though the number of saloons had been reduced, the "bottling trade had been increased amazingly, and home drinking thereby much increased. In Kansas, under Prohibition, she said the traffic was growing less and less, while, in Nebraska, under $1000 licenses, it had quadrupled.

The 'Rev.' Dr. Crosby must be a queer character. He affects to be a strong temperance man, and yet advocates, under certain restrictions, that the saloons of New York may be allowed to be open on Sundays, saying "that he wanted the Germans to have their beer on Sunday, and was willing to make a provision to that end." How the beer guzzlers will hug him in their hearts

We notice a rather amusing typographical slip in a paper we recently received. The article was about the Sabbath, and, among other things, said—"Constant toil, without a day's rest, produces depression of spirits; gloomy thoughts and suggestions, and the 'tailor' yields to the impression that he is a slave to toil, and soon comes to regard his employer as a task-master, without heart or conscience." Of course, the word should be 'toiler.'

A little girl asked her mother which was the worst, to lie or to steal. The mother replied that both were so bad that she could not tell which was the worst. "Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I think its worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing, you can take it back, unless you have eaten it; and if you have eaten it, you can pay for it. But," and a serious look was in the little face, "a lie is forever!"

Isaac Pitman, often referred to as the father of phonography, usually works 12 hours per day—from 6 to 6 although he is in his 77th year. [It's a wonder the walking delegate is not after him, threatening him with a strike somewhere, or a boycott.—Ed. B.]

A writer, in speaking of the use of corn for distilling purposes, says if this were stopped, to use the language of an Indiana Prohibitionist, "the farmers would raise more hogs and less hell!" Expressive, if not very elegant.

It has been asserted that not one citizen in the U. S. in 100,000 has ever read the Constitution of the United States, which the great English statesman, Gladstone pronounces one of greatest compositions ever penned.

It is said the German emperor, not satisfied with his imperial honors, has become a journalist, and started a Court Circular, with himself as chief editor.

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HADDONFIELD, N. J., MAY 10, 1889.

With this No. of the "Basket," we enter upon another term of SIX months. It will be sent to nearly all those to whom we have been sending it. But if there are any who do not want the paper, although we should be sorry to lose any subscribers, they will confer a favor by refusing it at the post-office, or otherwise notifying us. Only 25 cents for six months.

Another meeting respecting Public School matters is advertised to be held on the 14th of May,—a special meeting,—to vote on the question of money for building a new school house, etc. We had supposed this was all settled at the last meeting; but it seems there was some illegality about the proceedings, for which reason the whole matter has to be brought up again.

Let the New Yorkers congratulate themselves on the success of their great centennial celebration of the 100th anniversary of the inauguration of the great and immortal George Washington as the first President of these United States, as well they may, for it was a grand demonstration. But, after all, if we are correctly informed, the incipient idea, the starting point, the "inaugural" thought, originated with a New Jersey gentleman, residing not many miles from Philadelphia, Col. Jesse E. Peyton, of Haddonfield, N. J.,—Our own beautiful and ancient town.

The Firemen's Parade on Wednesday evening last, was quite an imposing affair. In addition to the Haddonfield Co., there were about a dozen others from different places, including Atlantic City, Mt. Holly, Palmyra, Merchantville, Moorestown, Camden, and Philadelphia. They made a very nice display, including red lights and other fire works. Most of the houses on the route, embracing all the principal streets, were illuminated. There were about 600 in line with several bands of music. Chief Marshal—Geo. Foelkner. Aids. Saml. C. A. Clement, John Peyton, John Clement, Edward Dewey, Wm. Myers, H. Mecannehey. A lunch.

A manuscript notice is up for a meeting of voters of the town at the Town Hall, Thursday evening, May 16, to vote on the amount of taxes to be raised for Road and Borough purposes. [This notice is inserted gratis.]

Our immediate neighbors, Mrs. Davis and family, have removed to the city; the house is empty, and for rent, and we are quite lonely. We hope as agreeable tenants will be secured as those who have left. The house next to it is for sale. It is in a lively part of the town.

At a meeting of Sunday School Teachers of the Methodist church, held on Monday evening of last week, Mr. T. G. Van Hart was unanimously re-elected superintendant of the School.

We notice a patent has been granted to C. A. Geldmeyer, of Haddonfield, for an electric wire nail.

Bishop Potter, of New York, according to some of the reviewers, has been saying some sharp things about Pesident Harrison.

The "Garden and Orchard" for May begins an article concerning Peach Yellows. Lovett, Little Silver, N. J. 50 cents a year.

CONVENTION OF THE W. C. T. U.

The Ladies of the Camden county **Women's Christian Temperance Union** met in Convention, in Wilkins' Hall, Haddonfield, April 23rd, at which an **Address of Welcome** was delivered by Mrs. CLINE, and sundry Resolutions offered and passed.

The Ladies have handed these proceedings to us, desiring that they should appear in the "Basket." Owing to the small size of the paper and want of room, however, we are obliged to omit some portions. From the Address of Welcome, we give the following extracts.

DEAR SISTERS of CAMDEN COUNTY:—I come before you this morning in behalf of our President, dear Sister Willard, and all other members of our Union, to extend to you a welcome. We gladly welcome every member of the White Ribbon Army to our beautiful town, not defaced in its moral beauty—thank God—by one saloon. * *

We welcome you as Sisters—as Christian Sisters—as women who need never make an apology for in engaging in Christian temperance work. It is an act of faith; it is the prayerful effort of the weak to bear the burden of the strong. The law of sympathy between woman and woman impels us also to the law of self-sacrifice. * * *

Let us not slacken our diligence, nor weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not. * *

Resolutions, etc.

WHEREAS, The visit of the ladies of Camden county to the Haddonfield Union has proved a rare privilege,—

RESOLVED, That we, the members of the County W. C. T. U., do express our appreciation of the hospitality extended to us by the local Union, and all others who assisted in the preparation of the bountiful lunch; to the officers of the Thomas A. Davis Post G. A. R., who allowed us the use of their hall; to Mr. Samuel Wilkins for the use of his hall, and Trustees of the Baptist Church for use of chapel.

Whereas, The action of the late legislature has, in **every particular**, favored the interests of the saloon, and whereas we recognize its increasing power and influence, politically, throughout our State,

Resolved, That we, the women of Camden county, in Convention assembled, do hereby declare our utter want of confidence in the protestations of political leaders, and determined to devote ourselves to our educational work more diligently than ever before.

Whereas, The W. C. T. U. of New Jersey has, for five consecutive years, petitioned our State legislature for the passage of a bill relating to the instruction of the children of our public schools in temperance physiology, or the influence of alcohol upon the human system, and as often without success; therefore,—

Resolved, That we will continue to ask for this law for the well-being of out youth, until New Jersey is placed side by side with thirty-five other States and Territories which have the law.

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be taken and forwarded to Secretary of Treasury WINDOM for the noble action he has taken in refusing to allow intoxicating liquors to be carried across the Indian Territory to the virgin Territory of Oklahoma.

The great Centennial of the inauguration of Washington has come and gone. Immense sums of money have been spent; much time taken from industrial pursuits; some lives lost, and, doubtless, many will suffer in health from exposure, indulgence, etc. The railroads, hotels, saloons, etc., have reaped a rich harvest. But love of country and patriotism have been promoted.

Some disgraceful scenes are said to have occurred at the great centennial ball, after midnight, many being more or less intoxicated. Indeed, according to some reports, some of the conduct there was little better than at a common brothel. quite a number of persons of both sexes, said to be of doubtful reputation, succeeded in obtaining admission, and strong liquors flowed freely.

At the Methodist church, on last Sunday evening, the old gentleman, Rev. Mr. Curtis, now in his 90th year, preached a very good, practical, sermon, to a large and attentive audience. Theme—"The hope within us."

We had the pleasure of meeting our long-cherished friend, Rev. A. Wallace, of the "Ocean Grove Record," a few days ago, on a car, in Philadelphia.

The McClellan Council, No. 37, Jr. O. U. A. M., advertise to give an Entertainment in the Jersey Building on Wednesday evening, May 15

MARRIED,

At the residence of the bride's parents, Camden, on the 24th ult., by Rev. James Moore, S. ALLEN SHEETS, of Haddonfield, and Miss HARRIET SHARP, of Camden.

In Camden, Jan. 28th, by Rev. D. H. Schock, Mr. WILSON SHINN and Miss HARRIET L. SHEETS, both of Haddonfield.